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Title: SAYINGS

Author:  
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SAYINGS OF THE  
GUARDIAN

I -really- do appreciate  
your plight, Avatar.  
Ah, Avatar, the thrill of  
conquest is so...  
invigorating.  
Enjoying your stay on  
Pagan, Avatar?  
Hark! Is that the sweet  
song of lamentation I  
hear?  
I do so enjoy the cries  
of torment.  
Yes, Avatar, seek a way  
home.  
There is no escape from  
-this- prison!  
Hurry, Avatar. After all,  
you have only -all- -of-  
-eternity- to complete  
your tasks.  
Nystul sends his best,  
Avatar...

You should hear the pleas  
for help, Avatar.  
At this very moment,  
Britannia burns.  
One world lies in ruin,  
nothing more than a  
charred shell. The other  
will soon follow.  
Perhaps I should destroy  
you now.  
Care you no more for  
your own world, Avatar?  
Will your precious Earth  
fall so easily?  
Soon I shall be able to  
call Britannia mine. It  
seems, Avatar, that you  
are missed here.  
Why, I believe I hear  
Lord British crying out  
for you now...  
Your treasured Britannia

succumbs easily. Soon  
-all- the land will be  
mine.  
Ouch! -That- must have  
hurt, Avatar!  
Do not go near -that-  
Avatar.  
ha hahahaha  
he he he he  
Feel my wrath!  
Let the darkness come  
for you, Avatar.